

THE  
IDYLLIUMS  
OF  
*MOSCHUS* and *BION*,  
Translated from the Greek.  
WITH  
ANNOTATIONS.

To which is prefixed,  
An ACCOUNT of their LIVES; with some  
REMARKS on their WORKS; and some  
OBSERVATIONS upon PASTORAL.

---

By Mr. COOKE.

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*Quicunque ille fuit Puerum qui pinxit Amorem,  
Nonne putas miras mira habuisse manus?*

Prop.

---

L O N D O N:

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To the Honourable  
*WILLIAM YONGE, Esq;*  
One of the Lords Commis-  
sioners of His MAJESTY's  
Treasury.

SIR,

**T**HE Custom of De-  
dicating is of so  
long standing, that  
it is very difficult  
to tell from what  
Time to date its Rise. Whe-  
ther

## DEDICATION.

ther we shall trace its Origin from the Offerings to the Gods, or, next to them, the most illustrious and deserving Men, I must leave for others to decide. The frequent Abuses this sort of Writing has met with, and the Censure it often lies under, is, in a great Measure, just; but altho' some, through a mistaken Zeal, (or whatever else were their Motives) sacrificed to infernal Dæmons, we should not deny the Gods their Right.

It is certain, we are hereby enabled to shew our Gratitude in a more than common Way, whether it be for private Favours received, or any generous

## DEDICATION.

rous Benefits conferred on the Publick; and I think we may, without the least Tincture of Flattery, extol *Cæsar* for his *Valour*, or *Tully* for his *Eloquence*; which consequently leads me to a Commendation of that useful Talent of your own, that has been so early, so often, and so well employ'd, in the Behalf of your King and Country. Here I have a large and open Field; and were I for once to do the Duty of an Historian, I should merit much from Posterity, in giving them so fair a Pattern of compounded Virtues; and,

*Believe*

## DEDICATION.

*Believe me, SIR,*

Great is the Pleasure of one that builds on so sure a Foundation; where I have no less than a whole Kingdom to justify the Truth of what I say; and I am well assured the august Assembly, of which you are a most worthy Member, can daily discern the Truth of this Application.

*Crescit, occulto velut Arbor aeo,*

Fama Marcelli.

Hor.

In the common Interest of your eminent Qualifications I share with others; but when I reflect upon that agreeable Part of your Character, that Sweetness of Disposition, which gives

## DEDICATION.

gives a Lustre and Value to your other Endowments of Art and Nature, I cannot but hope for a Pardon for this Address.

I shall only beg leave to make some few Observations, which I have omitted in the *Notes*, on the Translation I here present you with, and no longer intrude on your Patience.

Since my translating the following Poets, I was not a little uneasy, when I was informed they were translated some Years ago with good Success; but finding afterwards by what Hand,

## DEDICATION.

Hand, I thought another Translation would not be unacceptable; for although the Abilities of the Man (the learned Mr. *Stanley*) were capable of that, and greater Undertakings, yet it was at such a Time, when our *English* Verse had not that Harmony in its Numbers it now has, that a Translation so long since cannot be so pleasing, as one by a more modern Hand. I believe, and sincerely wish to see it, that if some more able Persons would, with the same Intention that I proceeded in this, lend their Assistance towards the translating such of the Ancients as have never been in our Tongue, or such as the Transla-

## DEDICATION.

Translations are become obfo-  
lete, or in any other Case noto-  
riously deficient, it would be  
no small Improvement to our  
Language, and a great Advan-  
tage to the Publick ; for it  
must be a great Satisfaction,  
when they are sure to find in  
their own Tongue, the inesti-  
mable Pieces they cannot read  
in *Greek*, or *Latin*; and I am  
proud to boast, I live at a  
Time, and in a Nation, that  
has arrived to as great a Pitch  
of Glory as either *Greece*, or  
*Italy*; and the same Glory  
acquired by the same Means.

*Scilicet in populis quondam Victoribus Orbis,*  
*Florebant semper Literæ & Arma simul;*  
*Tunc est Græcorum Sapientia proxima Cœlo,*  
*Cum Persis victis Græcia jura daret;*

a

*Tunc*

## DEDICATION.

*Tunc Victrix omnes superavit Musa Maronis,  
Roma triumphati cum Caput Orbis erat.*

Nicols.

But to return. We have never had a compleat Translation of *Moschus*, and *Bion*; for even Mr. *Stanley* has left out the Fragments of the latter, which we have no Reason to doubt being genuine, tho' imperfect; for the *Dorick Dialect* is plainly seen thro' them all; and the Numbers are as harmonious as the rest; and the Thoughts as much of the Country; except the first; which I take to be a finished Piece, and therefore I have placed it among the perfect *Idylliums*.

Some

## DEDICATION.

Some, in their Editions of our Poets, have placed the *Idylliums* of *Bion* before those of *Moschus*, according to the Order of Time. This is a Matter of little Importance; for their Remains being so few, the placing either of them first, can cause no Confusion in the Reader. I therefore chuse to place the Poems of *Moschus* before the other, being almost thrice as much in them; and in which Order you may find them in all the late *Greek* Editions.

Thus far have I proceeded for the Benefit of the *English* Reader;

## DEDICATION.

Reader; in what otherwise relates to the Work, you, Sir, are the better Judge.

*I am,*

*With all Respect,*

*Your most Obedient,*

*Humble Servant,*

Thomas Cooke.



THE  
LIVES  
OF  
*Moschus and Bion.*

**I**T is a Curiosity (speaking as I find by my self) which naturally arises in us, and makes us desirous of prying into the Lives of the Authors, whose  
B Works

2      *The Lives of*

Works we read. As to the Time, and Country, of these our Poets, we should have been to seek, had not *Moschus*, in his Elegy upon the Death of *Bion*, enlightened us therein. We have an Account (according to *Suidas*) of one *Moschus* a Grammarian, and Poet of Syracuse; but whether it is this, I am not able to say. Some are apt to think him an *Italian* from the following Words.

*Theocritus, the sweetest of the Swains  
Of Syracuse, prepares his mournful Strains;  
Whilst I, no Stranger to the rural Lay,  
Chant out my Woes in the Ausonian Way.  
To others let your Flocks and Herds belong;  
To me you, dying, left your Pipe and Song.*

From these Lines three Things very material may be gathered.

*First,*

## Moschus and Bion. 3

*First,* The Age wherein both our Authors lived.

*Secondly,* What we were before speaking of, as to his Country.

*Lastly,* The more than ordinary Acquaintance betwixt him and *Bion*; not supposing from this Passage, (as the Learned Mr. *Kennet*) that *Bion* was a School-Master; and *Moschus* was his Scholar and Successor, in governing his poetical School; but I rather take it as an Encomium upon his deceased Friend; for we may as well judge him to be a Shepherd, (which Opinion of the Two I would sooner adhere to) from these Lines.

B 2 His

## 4 The L I V E S of

*His Pipe, and Herd, demanded all his  
Cares ;  
And as they graz'd, he charm'd their ra-  
vish'd Ears.*

As for the Country of *Bion*, we are not in the least doubtful of, it being very manifest by what follows; which at the same Time shews a very fair Title to the Birth of *Homer*.

Here *Moschus* addresses himself to the River *Meles*, (which flows not far from the Walls of *Smyrna*) wherein he makes a fine Comparison betwixt the two Poets. As this Poem is the sweetest of our Poet's Works, so I think this the most beautiful Part of the Elegy.

*Harmonious Streams, Meles the first in  
Fame,  
That gave the Bard his Birth, and gave  
his Name, Since*

## Moschus and Bion. 5

Since Homer's Death you find but small  
Relief;

Now Bion's Fate demands a second Grief.  
First when Calliope's Delight withdrew  
(Call'd by remorseless Fate) himself from You;  
Then Fame reports, your Streams could  
scarce suffice,

To feed the constant Tribute of your Eyes.  
Great was your Grief for the lov'd Homer  
dead,

So great, it o'er all Neptune's Kingdom  
spread.

Since to the Shades the lovely Swain must go,  
Your Streams again in mournful Currents  
flow.

Both to the sacred Fountains dear have }  
been;

This largely drank of Arethusa's Stream, }  
The other of the Rills of Hippocrene.

One sung Atrides, and the Spartan Fair,  
And Thetis' valiant Son renown'd in War.

This sung of Pan, of Swains, no Arms,  
nor Wars.

But such sweet Combats as are free from  
Scars:

## 6 The L I V E S of

*His Pipe, and Herd, demanded all his Cares,  
And as they graz'd, he charm'd their ra-  
vish'd Ears.*

*On the soft Loves he oft' bestow'd his Praise;  
Venus was oft' the Subject of his Lays.*

We now come to the Age of both our Authors, who were Contemporaries with *Theocritus*, as appears by *Moschus* his introducing him bewailing *Bion's Death*; (which Piece of *Theocritus*'s is not extant) therefore we may undoubtedly conclude, as *Theocritus* flourished under the famous *Ptolomy Philadelphus*, our Poets lived in the same happy Age of Wit and Learning; tho' perhaps not encouraged by the same royal and beneficent Patron. According to the best Account we can find, *Ptolomy Philadelphus* began his Reign in the fourth

## Moschus and Bion. 7

fourth Year of the 123d Olympiad, and ended it in the second Year of the 133d, which was about 280 Years before Christ.

This is all we have of the Country, Age, and Profession of our two Poets.

Bion it seems (and not unlikely from the following Verses) was poisoned.

*Sweet Swain, you did the poys'nows  
Draught receive ;  
Ah ! cruel Wretch, that could the Potion give !*

It will not be improper, after the Lives of our Poets, to give some Account of their Remains.

In the Time of the latter Grecians, that is, in the Time of the  
B 4                      Byzantines,

Byzantine Emperors, all the ancient *Idylliums* were collected together, and *Theocritus's* Name prefixed to them ; by which means several Pieces are not attributed to their proper Authors.

The 25th *Idyllium* of *Theocritus*, viz. the Birth of *Hercules*, is by some adjudged to *Moschus* ; but as it is placed, by most of the Editors thereof, among *Theocritus's* Works, and translated for his by Mr. *Creech*, I think it sufficient Reason for my not translating it.

*Theocritus* had not only engrossed the Credit of others to himself, but had robbed one of them of his Name ; some affirming *Theocritus* and *Moschus* to be one or the same Person ;

## Moschus and Bion. 9

Person ; but *Moschus* has fortunately confuted those vain Assertors, (whereby he has preserved his Honour, and Himself too) by introducing, as we before observed, his Rival lamenting *Bion's* Death.

*Bion* has not only had the hard Fate of his Contemporary and Associate, but has fell into the Hands of Superstition ; the Rigour of which ( tho' upon another Occasion ) is finely expressed by Sir *John Denham*.

*Now shalt thou stand, tho' Sword, or  
Time, or Fire,  
Or Zeal, more fierce than they, thy Fall  
conspire.*

The *Byzantine* Emperors once so revered their Clergy, that by their Advice

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Advice wholly, they commanded some particular Parts of several Poets to be burned ; the only Pretence for their severe Sentence, was their writing in too amourous a Strain. At that Time perished several Pieces of the following Poets ; *Menander*, *Diphilus*, *Apollodorus*, *Pbilemon*, *Alexis*, *Sappho*, *Erinna*, *Anacreon*, *Mimnermus*, *Alcman* and *Bion*.

The Remains of these two Poets are number'd among the most harmonious Pieces of the Ancients. The greater Part of their Writings are in the Pastoral Kind, from which they have very little deviated ; *Moschus* in his fourth *Idyllium*, and *Bion* in his Fifth, and some of his small Pieces at the latter End.

M. Gra-

## Moschus and Bion. II

M. Gravian, speaking of the Ancients, says, There is a great Simplicity in *Theocritus*, tho' his Poems are elaborate ; when he describes the most tender Passion, he still talks like a Shepherd, and all his Thoughts seem to be the Product of a rural Life. *Moschus* and *Bion*, are not less to be esteemed. The Elegy of the latter upon *Adonis*, is full of charming Sweetness.

Rapin, in his Discourse upon Pastoral, will not allow the *Europa* of *Moschus* to be of that Kind ; which, if not a Pastoral, must at least go for a fine Poem. But according to the Abbot *Fraguier's* Sentiments, (which are very just) the *Europa* is truly a Pastoral ; for *Moschus* takes care to conceal the Glory of *Jupiter*, when

when he brings him into the Meadows ; he introduces him not as the Thunderer, but as a Lover metamorphosed. The Abbot's Words are these : Would any one place *Jupiter* with a Thunderbolt, or *Juno* with her Majesty, in a Landskip ? When the Poets brought the great Gods from *Olympus* into rural Solitude, they took care to conceal the Glory that surrounds them ; they changed their Deities to make them appear under other Shapes. The same Author also, speaking of the Scenary for Pastoral, says, The Scene is always a rural Landskip, which may take in Woods, Meadows, the Banks of Rivers, Fountains, and sometimes the Sea-shore. If *Rapin* makes an Objection against the Politeness of the Language of the *Eu-*

*ropa,*

ropa, we may very easily bring some few of our own Country, who have wrote in that Way, whose Authority is as good as *Rapin's*. I must confess, there is not that Clownishness and Indecency in our Poets, as in the Fourth and Fifth *Idilliums* of *Theocritus*. I would not be thought herein to endeavour to rob *Theocritus* of the Bays the Criticks have in all Ages allowed him ; but my Design is to plead for Modesty, Decency and Politeness, in Pastoral, as well as in other Writings.

I think I have the politeſt of the Ancients on my Side. Neither in our Poets, nor *Virgil*, (tho' indeed the latter in his third Eclogue, is more rustical than at other Times) is any Part ſo obscene as to offend  
the

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the chasteſt Ear; a Thing justly  
censured by one of the niceſt Judges,  
and beſt of Poets in the laſt Age.

*Immodest Words admit of no Defence;  
A want of Decency is want of Sense.*

Earl of Roscommon.

*Boileau*, notwithstanding the na-  
tive Bluntness ſome will pretend is  
requisite in Pastoral, inveighs againſt  
it as much as poſſible, and gives a  
moſt beautiful Description of it;  
comparing it to a fair Nymph in her  
Bloom, riſing from her Bed, dref-  
ſing herſelf with the genuine Orna-  
ments of the Fields; needless of *Ty-  
rian Dye*, Diamonds and Pearls, or  
the costly Ointments of *Arabia*.  
But at the ſame time he dresses her  
neither with Nettles, nor Thiftles,  
when ſo many of the sweeteſt Flow-

ers

ers and Greens may be culled to adorn her with.

Should a Painter fill a Landskip with obscene Objects, he would be no more liable to censure, than a Poet who does the same. I think it is very unjust to make Shepherds speak any Thing contrary to that Innocence, supposed to be in them, whom *Astræa* has scarcely forsaken.

*Extrema per illos  
Justitia excedens terris Vestigia fecit.*

*When Justice, weary of the Crimes of Man,  
To wing her Flight to purer Worlds began,  
Her last Retreat on Earth was on the  
Plains ;  
Where some Resemblance of her still re-  
mains.*

M

If

He's



# MOSCHUS.

---

## IDYLLIUM I.

### *The Fugitive Love.*



Wanton Cupid once from *Venus*  
run,  
The Goddess miss'd him, and  
she thus begun:

If any One a wand'ring Love should see,  
He's mine, the little Urchin stray'd from me.

A sweet Reward will bounteous *Venus* give,  
The Swain that shall restore her Fugitive:  
A Kiss ; nay, not alone a single Kiss,  
She'll pay the Tydings with a greater Bliss.  
So many Marks the Wanton will betray,  
From Twenty, you may take the Right away.  
Not white his Body, thro' the whole is spread,  
Something resembling Fire, a glowing Red.  
Flames, cruel Flames, from both his Eyeballs dart;  
Fair are his Words, deceitful is his Heart !  
With nought but Lies his flatt'ring Lips are hung;  
Sweet honey Words flow from his soothing Tongue.  
He in his Rage severe would all destroy,  
Such the Resentment of the 'vengeful Boy !  
Curl'd are his Locks, White as the falling Snow;  
Nothing but Frowns sit on his angry Brow.  
Small are his Hands ; but far can throw a Dart ;  
He sometimes strikes th' infernal Monarch's Heart.  
His Body's always naked to the Wind,  
But close he keeps the Secrets of his Mind.

Swift as a Bird he flies, now here, now there,  
And Man he wounds, nor spares the charming  
Fair.

A little Bow, and Arrow's in his Hand ;  
Tho' small, the Gods cannot their Force withstand.  
A Quiver full of bitter Shafts he bears,  
With which to wound his Mother oft' he dares :  
They're cruel all, with greater Heat they burn,  
Than the hot Rays of the Meridian Sun :  
His little Torches *Phæbus* self annoy,  
E'en *Phæbus* self is subject to the Boy.  
Take him, and pity not his Tears that fall ; }  
Or if he smiles, let not his Smiles prevail ; }  
But bind him, bring him, they're deceitful all : }  
Or if he'd kiss, from his Embraces turn ; }  
His Lips are Poyson, the Infection shun.  
If he his Arms present, 'tis not for Love ;  
Refuse, they're ting'd with Fire, they will fallaci-  
ous prove.

## IDYLLIUM II.

E U R O P A.

## The ARGUMENT.

Europa, Daughter of Agenor, King of Phænicia, being surprized by a Vision, calls for her Maids Honour to accompany her to the Meads, to gather Flowers, and divert her after the portentous Dream. Whilst Europa and the Ladies are in the Meadow, Jupiter in the Shape of a Bull entices them to come and sport with him: Europa, taking with his Form and gentle Ways, gets upon his Back; he immediately arises, and plunges into the Sea. She, far from Land, invokes Neptune, and speaks to the Bull as if something suspicious of his Divinity. He, to pacify her, discovers himself; afterwards arriving at Crete, he resumed his proper Deity, and enjoyed her.

MOR

MORE than half gone the Night, and Morn  
drew nigh,  
When Sleep in downy Chains had bound each Eye ;  
When weary'd Mortals lay in pleasing Rest,  
With various Visions hov'ring o'er their Breast ;  
In her Apartment was *Europa* laid ;  
A Virgin then ; no more to sleep a Maid !  
As she in soft Repose the Minutes spent,  
This Vision *Venus* to the Damsel sent.

Two Continents at Variance seem'd to stand ;  
*Asia*, and that oppos'd to *Asia's* Land ;  
The Form of Matrons serv'd for their Disguise,  
One known, and one a Stranger to her Eyes :  
Both claim the Fair ; That says she brought her forth,  
And pleads, she gave her Breeding, and her Birth.  
Th'other, by Force of Arms, the Virgin drew,  
And she as willing to the Matron flew ;  
But yet (when she *Europa* took,) she said,  
By Fate, and *Jove's* Decree, I take the Maid.

The Fair awakes, out of her Bed she starts ;  
Her Bosom throbs, Fears seize her vital Parts.  
Not with her Sleep the boding Vision flies ;  
The Women still are present to her Eyes.  
Silent awhile she sat; at last says she;

Tell me ye Gods what can this Vision be ?  
What means this Dream, and from what Deity ?  
What Phantom thus molests my tender Breast ?  
And rouses thus my Soul from balmy Rest ?  
What Matron whom I saw, to me unknown ?  
I feel a Passion for the Love she's shown ;  
How tenderly she us'd me, as her own !  
Ye Pow'rs above, great *Jove*, and *Destiny*,  
Grant the Event of this, propitious be !

So spoke ; the Fair arose, and went to find  
Her best Companions, dearest to her Mind ;

Thos

Those whom she takes, when with her Virgin Train  
She leads a Dance along the verdant Plain ;  
Or when, compell'd by Heat of Mid-day Beams,  
Her Limbs she bathes within *Anaurus'* Streams ;  
Or when into the Meads, with a Desire,  
She goes, to rob them of their gay Attire.

Again they meet, across their Arms they bear  
A Basket ; then unto those Meads repair,  
Where always met, the now assembled Fair ;  
Charm'd with the fragrant Odours of the Plain,  
Delighting too to hear the murmur'ring Main.

{ *Europa's* Basket was of purest Gold,  
The Work of *Vulcan*, glorious to behold !  
On *Libya* was the Gift bestow'd, when she  
To *Neptune* yielded her Virginity :  
From her the Present, by Succession, came,  
To beauteous *Telepha* ; a lovely Dame ;  
Next it descended to *Europa's* Care ;  
Virgin *Europa*, lovely, young, and fair !

Such was the Work, such the resplendent Art,  
The Present spoke the God in ev'ry Part !

There *Inachus* his *Io* stood in Gold ;

A Woman lowing in a Heifer's Mold ;

Forc'd to the Main by Scourges of the Bee ;

Work of a cærule Colour was the Sea.

Upon the Shore two Men as wond'ring stood,

To see a Heifer scud a long the Flood ;

And *Jove* was there ; *Jove* strok'd the Marine Cow

And seem'd to grieve to think her Fate was so ;

Her in Compassion to the *Nile* he drove,

And made her what she was before his Love.

Of Gold was *Jove* ; of Brafs his much lov'd Cow

The Streams of *Nile* in Silver Currents flow.

Under the Lid, by *Hermes*, *Argus* lies ;

(He once so watchful with his Hundred Eyes)

There see the Peacock from his Blood arise ;

With painted Pride he spreads his colour'd Tail,

Like the the fwell'd Canvass by a kindly Gale ;

With it he spreads the Golden Cover o'er.

Such was the Basket fair *Europa* bore.

When to the Meads design'd the Virgins come,

Some pick the Daffadil, the Primrose some.

The wanton Damfels, in a sportive Fit,

Trip it along to see who first shall get,

In harmless Play, yon' pretty Violet.

Cow But Chief of all the Virgin Train, is seen,

Beauteous *Europa*, in the midst, a Queen;

With her fair Hand she crops the blushing Rose;

And here like *Venus* with the Graces shows.

Cow Your Sport enjoy fair Maid, not long to be

An unpolluted Maid, for *Jove's* too nigh.

Great *Jove* no sooner saw, but was undone;

Shot is the Dart, and thro' his Breast it run.

Such the restless Pow'r of mighty *Love*!

'Tis he, and only he, can conquer *Jove*.

*Jove* must contrive, when jealous *Juno* pries;

He thus the Rape conceals from *Juno's* Eyes.

He's now a Beast, (such is the Pow'r of *Love!*)  
He's now a Bull, e'erwhile no less than *Jove.*  
Of all that ever felt the Plowman's Goar,  
Or graz'd the Meads, or pond'rous Burthens  
bore,

None like this jovial Bull was seen before.  
Just in the Middle of his Forehead grew,  
A Circle whiter than the falling Snow ;  
His other Parts were of a yellowish Huc.  
His bright, his amourous spark'ling Eyes, were grey ;  
A Thousand little Loves there seem'd to play.  
His Horns were equal, like the Silver Moon ;  
Her Horns encreas'd, when half her Race is run.  
Ent'ring the Plains, the Virgins at the Sight  
Receiv'd him as an Object of Delight.  
They by Degrees (mov'd by some inward Love,)  
Approach'd the Bull, and strok'd the lovely *Jove* ;  
Whose odoriferous Breath the Sweets excel,  
The Meads can yield with all their fragrant Smell.

He

He just before the fair *Europa* goes,  
Kisses her Neck, the spotless Virgin woes ; }  
Fain would he speak, but then he gent'ly moes. }  
Whene'er he low'd, you'd say th' *Arcadian* Swain  
Was playing on his Pipe some tender Strain.  
She strok'd him, kiss'd him, gently from his Mouth,  
She with her lilly Hand wip'd off the Froth.  
Upon his Knees he fell before the Maid ;  
His Back she view'd, and to her Virgins said ;

Come nearer, dear Companions, and behold,  
Broad is his Back, and ev'ry one 'twill hold ;  
Kind is his Aspect, gentle are his Ways,  
Quite different from other Bulls that graze ;  
Observe his Gestures, much like humane Kind ;  
Had he a Voice but equal to his Mind !

She spoke, then back'd him with a pleasing  
Smile ;

(For Innocence, like her, ne'er thought of Guile.)

Fir'd

Fir'd by th' Example of the Royal Fair,  
The Virgins all to follow her prepare.  
He'd got his hop'd for Prize, nor wanted more;  
He plung'd into the Main, and left the Shore.  
But she turn'd back, stretch'd out her Hands for Aid,  
To them on Shore; they can't perfue the Maid.  
Now far from Land, he with his Burthen proud,  
Just like a Dolphin cuts along the Flood.  
The *Nereids*, and each watry Deity,  
Arise as conscious who the Bull should be;  
Earth-shaking *Neptune*, Ruler of the Sea,  
Holds up his Trident, and the Waves obey;  
And give to *Jove* a calm, and easy Way.  
The *Tritons*, which to *Neptune's* Train belong,  
Prepare their Shells to sound the Nuptial Song.  
*Europa*, as on *Jove* she cross'd the Main,  
Strove from the Waves to save her Purple Train;  
One Hand around his Horn she trembling laid,  
That safe she might the liquid Journey ride.

The mournful Maid, far from her native Land,  
Far from her Virgins, and the flow'ry Strand,  
She look'd about, but nothing could survey,  
But Air above, beneath the boyst'rous Sea ;  
Struck with the Prospect then before her Eyes,  
Wond'ring she gaz'd around, amaz'd, she cries :

Oh ! Bull divine, where would'st thou me convey ?

What art, and why tempt'st thou this dang'rous  
Way ?

Ships we have known beyond the Seas to go,

But never knew a Bull so bold as you.

Say, can the Sea afford, or Drink, or Food ?

If you're a God, then act as suits a God.

When knew you Dolphins in the Meadows graze ?

Or Steers or Heifers sport within the Seas ?

Undaunted you among the Billows row ;

Your Hoofs supply the Place of Oars for you.

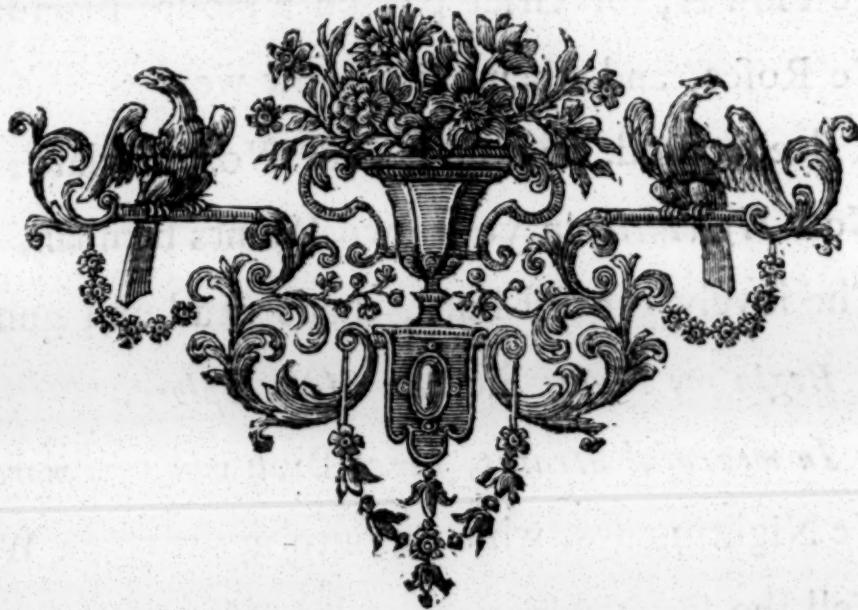
Perhaps

Perhaps you will c'erlong take Wing and fly,  
And cut the yielding Air, and mount the Sky.  
**U**nhappy I, alas! to leave my Home,  
And with a Bull far from my Country rome.  
But Oh! great *Neptune*, Ruler of the Seas,  
Be you propitious when a Virgin prays ;  
But yet I hope he that conducts me o'er,  
Will be my Guide when on a foreign Shore ;  
For sure I pass by more than mortal Pow'r.

She spokc, and thus the broad-horn'd Bull reply'd,  
No longer fear, ben't at the Waves dismay'd,  
He that conducts you is no less than *Jove* ;  
I seem a Bull, or any Thing for Love :  
E'en now my Fair I lay aside the God,  
And tempt in borrow'd Shape the wat'ry Road.  
To *Crete*, my Birth-place, I'll conduct you, there  
Glad *Hymen* shall our Nuptial Rites prepare ;  
And you to *Jove* shall mighty Monarchs bear.

He spoke, and the consenting Fates ordain,  
That what he said might not be spoke in vain.

To *Crete* they came, where *Jove* assumed *Jove*,  
Loosen'd her Zone, and revell'd in her Love.  
Th' attendant *Horæ* th' happy Bed provide,  
And she, just now a Maid, is now a Bride;  
} *Joves* Consort for a while; a Mother she  
} Fulfill'd, with mighty Monarchs *Jove's* Decree.



## IDYLLIUM III.

*An ELEGY upon the Death  
of BION.*

**M**Ourn all ye Groves, ye *Dorick Streams* de-  
plore

The lovely *Bion's Fate*, who's now no more ;  
Ye Plants, a Tribute of your Sorrows shew ;  
Ye Flow'rs, for Grief put on a mournful Hue ;  
Ye Roses, and Anemonies, now wear  
A deeper Red, that may your Woes declare ;  
Now *Hyacinth*, in your own Plaints bemoan,  
The lovely tuneful Bard, that's dead and gone.

*Begin my Muse, Sicilian Muse deplore,*  
*In mournful Strains, sweet Bion who's no more.*

Ye Nightingales, which mourn in the thick Woods  
Tell the sad News to *Arethusa's Floods* ;

Bion, the tuneful lovely Swain is dead ;  
With him his Song, and Dorick Muse, is fled.

*Begin my Muse, Sicilian Muse deplore,  
In mournful Strains, sweet Bion who's no more.*

Ye Silver Swans, as you in *Strymon* fail,  
In melancholy Sounds his Death bewail ;  
In Elegiack mournful Notes bemoan  
Bion's hard Fate, just as you sing your own ;  
In such melodious Notes, as the dear Swain  
Sung with your Voice, whilst here he blest the Plain.  
To the Oegarian Nymphs his Death relate,  
Convey to *Bistonis* the Dorick *Orpheus'* Fate.

*Begin my Muse, Sicilian Muse deplore,  
In mournful Strains, sweet Bion who's no more.*

He to the list'ning Herds no more, dear Swain,  
Shall sing, extended on the verdant Plain ;  
He's gone down to the gloomy Shades below,  
And there to *Lethe's* Banks reports his Woe.  
His Voice no more upon the Mountain's heard,  
*Echo* no more answers the tuneful Bard.

The straggling Cows refuse to graze for Grief ;  
Nor can the lusty Bull procure Relief.

*Begin my Muse, Sicilian Muse deplore,*  
*In mournful Strains, sweet Bion who's no more.*  
When of thy Death, dear Swain, *Apollo* heard,  
He veil'd his Head in Clouds, and disappear'd.  
Satyrs, and Fawns, and all the rural Gods,  
With sad Complaints fill all the Lawns and Wood.  
And *Pan*, unmindful of his Syrinx now,  
Devotes his Sorrow to your Song and You.  
The Water-Nymphs their grievous Loss bewail,  
To Tears they turn their Springs and Fountains.  
The vocal Nymph has with her Ecchos done,  
She thinks none worth her Answer since thou'rt gone.  
The Trees drop their untimely Fruit for you ;  
The Lillies fair refuse to flourish now ;  
The sweetest Flow'rs hang down their Heads and die.  
They scorn to grow since you t' *Elizium* fly.  
The bleating Ewes their Udders fill no more,  
The buzzing Bees neglect the sweetest Flow'r.

All Sweets in Nature now are worthless grown,  
Since thou art dead, all Sweets contain'd in One.

*Begin my Muse, Sicilian Muse deplore,*  
*In mournful Strains, sweet Bion who's no more.*

The Dolphins ne'er before were known to moan,  
The Seas forsaking, on the Shores alone.

Not half so much poor *Pbilomela* griev'd,  
For all the Wrongs from *Tereus* she receiv'd.

The Swallows on the Summits of each Hill,  
With sad Complaints declining Vallies fill.

*Alcyone*, for her lov'd *Ceyx*, ne'er  
Fill'd with such doleful Plaints the yielding Air.

*Begin my Muse, Sicilian Muse deplore,*  
*In mournful Strains, sweet Bion who's no more.*

*Cerylus* before was never heard to moan,  
Upon the Seas, as he of late has done.

The Birds, which from the Pile receiv'd their Breath,  
Lament young *Bion* more than *Memnon's* Death.

*Begin my Muse, Sicilian Muse deplore,*  
*In mournful Strains, sweet Bion who's no more.*

The Nightingales which perch'd upon the Sprays,  
 With an attentive Ear to learn his Lays,  
 With drooping Wings upon the Boughs remain,  
 And in sad Notes bemourn the absent Swain.  
 Ye Doves, forget not in sad Notes to coo,  
 For him who taught you how to love and woo.

*Begin my Muse, Sicilian Muse deplore,*  
*In mournful Strains, sweet Bion who's no more.*

Since, most lamented Bard, thou'st left the Plain,  
 Who shall presume to touch thy Pipe, dear Swain;  
 On which so lately you unrival'd play'd?  
 All, all, are of the vain Attempt afraid.  
 The Reeds, as yet, a whisp'ring Sound retain,  
 Of thy last Song, ne'er to be heard again.  
 I to th' *Arcadian* God thy Pipe will bear,  
 For he, (if any rightly) is the Heir;  
 Perhaps great *Pan* himself will fear to try,  
 He'll fear, perhaps, that you'll a Victor be.

*Begin my Muse, Sicilian Muse deplore,*  
*In mournful Strains, sweet Bion who's no more.*

Poor *Galatea* mourns the absent Swain,  
Despairing ever to be charm'd again,  
Since *Bion*, tuneful *Bion's* left the Plain.

How oft the Nymph has left her native Sea,  
To sit and hear thy Song, and gaze on thee ?  
Not such as *Polypheme's* harsh Skreckings were,  
But what's harmonious charm'd the Virgin's Ear.

The Fair, neglectful of her Marine Throng,  
Drawn by the soft Remembrance of your Song,  
Forsakes the Main, and lives upon the Shore,  
There spends the tedious Day, too short before,  
When lovely *Bion* sung, who sings no more.

With Pity she your mournful Herds beholds,  
With Pity feeds your melancholy Folds.

*Begin my Muse, Sicilian Muse deplore,*  
*In mournful Strains, sweet Bion who's no more.*

With you, dear Swain, the Muses' Gifts are fled ;  
All youthful Sports are ceas'd, since thou art dead ;  
The once fond Virgins, in their Sorrows coy,  
Fly the Embraces of each am'rous Boy.

The mournful Loves over thy Grave bewail,  
With flutt'ring Wings thine early Funeral.

More of the *Cyprian* Goddess' Love you have,  
Than the last Kiss that sweet *Adonis* gave.

*Begin my Muse, Sicilian Muse deplore,*

*In mournful Strains, sweet Bion who's no more.*

Harmonious Streams, *Meles*, the first in Fame,  
That gave the Bard his Birth, and gave his Name His I  
Since *Homer's* Death you find but small Relief,  
Now *Bion's* Fate demands a second Grief.

First when *Calliope's* Delight withdrew,

Call'd by remorseless Fate, himself from you ;  
Then Fame reports your Streams could scarce suffice  
To feed the constant Tribute of your Eyes.

Great was your Grief for the lov'd *Homer* dead,

So great it o'er all *Neptune's* Kingdom spread ;  
And now, alas ! afresh thy Sorrows flow,

For *Bion's* Death reiterates thy Woe.

Both to the sacred Fountains dear have been,  
This largely drank of *Arethusa's Stream* ; }  
The other of the Rills of *Hippocrene*. }  
One sung *Atrides*, and the *Spartan Fair*, }  
And *Thetis'* valiant Son renown'd in War.  
This sung of *Pan*, of Swains ; no Arms, nor Wars ;  
But such sweet Combats as are free from Scars.  
His Pipe and Herd demanded all his Cares ;  
And as they graz'd he charm'd their ravish'd Ears.  
On the soft Loves he oft' bestow'd his Praise,  
*Venus* was oft' the Subject of his Lays.  
*Begin my Muse*, Sicilian *Muse deplore*,  
*In mournful Strains*, sweet Bion who's no more.  
The Towns, and Villages, bewail thy Death,  
All miss the Musick of thy tuneful Breath.  
Th' *Ascrean* Bard's no more lamented, now  
They drain the Fountains of their Eyes for you.  
All the *Bœotian* Groves for thee alone,  
For thee, dear Swain, instead of *Pindar* moan.

The *Lesbians* not half so much complain,  
For their *Alcæus*, as for you dear Swain.  
*Ceos* no more laments its Poet dead,  
You've all its Grief since to the Shades you fled.  
*Archilocus* no more the *Parians* grieve,  
But, was such Force in Tears, they'd you retrieve.  
*Sappho* no more charms *Mitylenian* Ears,  
You now command Attention and their Tears,  
*Theocritus*, the sweetest of the Swains  
Of *Syracuse*, prepares his mournful Strains ;  
Whilst I, no Stranger to the rural Lay,  
Chant out my Woes in the *Ausonian* Way.  
To others let your Flocks and Herds belong,  
To me you dying left your Pipe and Song.

*Begin my Muse, Sicilian Muse deplore,*  
*In mournful Strains, sweet Bion who's no more.*

Sweet Flow'rs, and all the worst of Weeds must dye,  
Their Blossoms wither, and their Moisture dry ;  
But when the Year revolves again they grow,  
Their Moisture enters, and their Blossoms blow :

But ah ! sad Fate, the Wise, the Great, the Brave,  
Must sleep, obscurely, in the silent Grave :  
They dye but once, ne'er more regain their Breath,  
But lye confin'd in the cold Chains of Death :  
And you, alafs ! must go to your long Home,  
And silent sleep in the Earth's darksome Womb.  
But since relentless Fate will have it so,  
And thus torment poor Mortals here below ;  
The loathsome Croakings of the Toad ne'er cease,  
Its odious Noise shall ne'er my Envy raze.

*Begin my Muse, Sicilian Muse deplore,  
In mournful Strains, sweet Bion who's no more.*

Sent by a dire Disease, sweet Bion's gone,  
His charming Lays, and tuneful Voice are flow'n.  
Sweet Swain, you did the poys'nous Draught re-  
ceive,

Ah ! cruel Wretch, that cou'd the Potion give !  
To whom, alafs ! could such a Crime belong ?  
Who was so weary of your Muse and Song ?

But why persist I thus to vent my Hate ?  
 The Wretch can't shun the Vengeance of his  
 Fate.

*Begin my Muse, Sicilian Muse deplore,*  
*In mournful Strains, sweet Bion who's no more.*

No End of Grief, no End of Woe, I find,  
 Since thou art gone, and left me here behind.  
 Could I, like *Orpheus*, or *Ulysses*, go,  
 Or like *Alcides*, to the Shades below ;  
 I'd mind th' Amazement of th' infernal Ghosts,  
 Hear how you charm the Ruler of those Coasts.  
 Doubt not your Skill, doubt not your Art, dear  
 Swain,

Play to the Virgin in the *Dorick* Strain ;  
 For she e'erwhile upon *Sicilian* Strands,  
 Delighted there to sport, and chant those Strains ; }  
 Before a Rape she suffer'd by grim *Pluto*'s Hands. }  
 With Musick *Orpheus* charm'd the *Elizium* Queen,  
 By Musick got *Euridice* again.

Doubt not but by the Virtue of your Lays,  
She'll you again unto the Hills release.  
If I was skillful at the Pipe, I'd go,  
And try to move the King of Hell for you.



## IDYLLIUM IV.

MEGARA and ALCMENA,  
*Mother and Wife of HERCULES.*

## The ARGUMENT.

Hercules, once at Thebes, assisted Creon, Prince thereof, and drove away his Enemies, who unjustly imposed a Tribute upon him; for which Creon gave him Megara, his Daughter, to Wife, by whom Hercules had several Children; but being struck with Madness by Juno, he murdered them, imagining they were Enemies: He recovering his Senses, in Abhorrence to what he had done, abstained from all Company; but he could not be long concealed, for he was called away to a new Adventure; which, with the Thoughts of her Children, is the Cause of Megara's Complaint. There are two Parts in this Poem; the first contains Megara's Speech to Alcmena; the second Alcmena's Answer.

SAY,

SAY, hapless Queen, from whence your Sorrows  
flow,

And what the fatal Cause of all this Woe?

Why sigh you thus, why thus persist to moan,

Till from your Cheeks the blushing Ruby's gone?

Say if *Alcides'* Toils these Tears demand,

For what he suffers from a worthless Hand?

Too plain, alafs ! I see our Griefs are one ;

I for a Husband mourn, you for a Son.

And can impartial Heav'n regardless see,

A Fawn command, a Lion to obey ?

Why was I born, destin'd to such a Fate ?

How could I thus ye Gods incur your Hate ?

Are these the Joys the Nuptial Ties afford ?

And such the Merits of my virtuous Lord ?

Whose honour'd Name e'er since the bridal Night,

Has been, and is, to me, dear as the Light ;

Of Strength, of Valour, he'as the greatest Share ;

But both are equall'd with Excess of Care.

In an ill Hour *Apollo* gave the Bow,  
Supply'd with Shafts by some dire Fiend below ;  
He made them all the Instruments of Death,  
And them employ'd against his Childrens Breath ;  
These Eyes beheld when the curs'd Bow he bent,  
And Life he gave, to *Erebus* he sent ;  
• Blood, Slaughter, Death, were all his Mind could  
move.

(Could one in Thought, or Dream, so cruel prove!  
Whilst oft' in vain the Babes invok'd my Aid,  
Inevitable Fate hung o'er my Head ;  
Had I step'd in to save the Infants' Breath,  
What had ensued but an immediate Death ?  
Just as the Dam sits brooding o'er her Young,  
Spies the dread Foe, and dares not stay too long ;  
The cruel Serpent, with his speckled Breast,  
Creeps up the Hedge, and gets into the Nest ;  
The pious Dam, quite void of all Relief,  
By Squeeks, and Flutterings, sets forth her Grief ;

(Life

(Life is a Sweet to all;) Should she go near,  
By the dire Monster with her Young she'd share.  
So, hapless I was for my Babes in pain,  
Rav'd round the House, and mourn'd, but mourn'd  
in vain.

And could *Diana* thus survey my Grief,  
Nor spare one Dart to give a Wretch Relief?  
Oh! had I with my tender Infants went,  
Down to the Shades, by a kind Arrow sent;  
Then had our Friends the Fun'ral Pile compos'd,  
And in one golden Urn our Bones inclos'd;  
And bury'd in our Native Place the Dead;  
To us as one these Obsequies they'd paid;  
Now they're at *Thebes*, where gallant Steeds are  
bred;

And there *Aonia's* fertile Glebe they plow;  
Whilst I'm at rigid *Juno's* *Tirynth* now,  
Lab'ring with Woe beneath a grievous Mind,  
Nor any Respite to my Sorrows find.

(Life

Oh!

Oh! cruel Fate, that could so soon remove,  
From my Embraces th' only Man I love :  
Many his Labours are, by Land, and Sea ;  
And where commanded, there he's forc'd to be.  
Well he's a Breast that can unshock'd withstand,  
All Fate can send, or *Juno* can command ;  
But tender you like Water melt away ;  
Witness your Grief, Night, and revolving Day !  
Unhappy I have no Relation near,  
To ease my drooping Soul o'ercharg'd with Care ;  
At Ease in gilded Palaces they be,  
Beyond the piny *Isthmus*, far from me.  
To comfort me, oppress'd with Woe, there's none ;  
*Pyrrha* excepted, she's the only one,  
Loaded with Grief for *Iphiclus* your Son. }  
Certain no one that felt the teeming Throws,  
Children produc'd, and born to Pains like those ;  
Both to a God, and to a mortal Man.

She spoke, and down the pearly Currents ran,

Soon

Soon as her Babes, and Friends, afflict her Soul,  
The Chrystal Tears down her fair Bosom rowl.  
*Alcmena*, sighing from her anxious Breast,  
In prudent Accents thus her Griefs express'd.

Princess, unhappy in your Childrens' Fate,  
Why will you these unwelcome Tales relate ?  
Why thus pursue the mournful Theme of Woe ?  
Of which, too much, we both already know.  
E'en Time itself can't wear out Griefs away,  
Afresh they rise with ev'ry new-born Day.  
Who can without Regret our Sorrows show,  
Relentless he must take Delight in Woe.  
Suspend your Grief, your drooping Spirits free ;  
Not this we suffer by great Jove's Decree.  
Thy swelling Bosom heaves with Pains I know ;  
And Justice bids me sympathize with you.  
Dread *Proserpine*, and *Ceres*, Witness be  
(Both great Avengers of our Perjury,) }  
Of the indulgent Love I bear to thee !

Can you upbraid me with neglected Care,  
Whilst I more griev'd than *Niobe* appear?  
Now for a Son, involy'd in Woes, I moan,  
Who's in Pursuit of fresh Atchievements gone;  
Who, after a long ten Months Labour bore,  
Had almost sent me to the *Stygian* Shore;  
Thro' such dire Throws and horrid Pangs I ran,  
Certain Presages of the future Man!  
Who wand'ring now, far from his Native Shore,  
Is gone, perhaps I ne'er shall see him more.  
As sooth'd I lately lay in balmy Rest,  
This dreadful Vision seiz'd my fearful Breast.

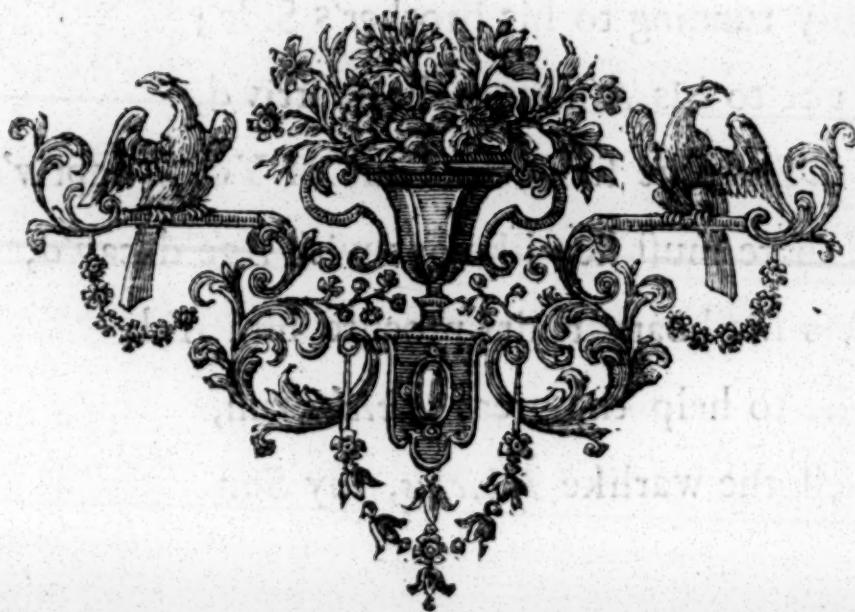
On one Side of a Field my Eyes survey'd  
My Son *Alcides*, with a pond'rous Spade;  
Just like a Peasant on a Farmer's Ground,  
To guard the Vines from Harm he rais'd a Mound;  
Just as he'd done, and had the Fences made,  
He in a Furrow fix'd his pond'rous Spade.

As

As he prepar'd to put his Garments on,  
A raging Flame out of the Bushes shone :  
As swiftly from the threat'ning Fire he fled,  
The gloomy Pillows rowl'd around his Head ;  
His Spade's his Shield, and as he backward goes,  
His Spade he shakes, and does the Flames oppose.  
Methought the valiant *Iphiclus* I 'spy'd,  
Hastily running to his Brother's Side ;  
But e'er to his Assistance he'd arriv'd,  
On th'Earth he funk, like one of Youth depriv'd ;  
And there must lie, like one with Age decay'd,  
Unless his hoary Hairs procure him Aid.  
As he to help the great *Alcides* run,  
So fell the warlike *Iphiclus*, my Son.

To see my Sons void of Assistance laid,  
I wept, till from my Eyes soft *Slumber* fled ;  
Then soon the Eastern Morn began to rise,  
And with her Saffron Rays to gild the Skies.

Such dreadful Visions have perplex'd my Mind;  
But may *Eurystheus* all the Dangers find.  
May my prophetick Soul the Truth foretel,  
And may not *Fortune* contradict my Will.



## IDYLLIUM V.

WHEN e'er I see, curl'd by the gentle  
Wind,

The azure Main, Fear strikes my tim'rous Mind ;  
My Muse no longer can my Thoughts improve,  
A sure and calm Retreat the Muses love.

But when I hear the boist'rous Billows roar,  
Dash, and rebound against the crooked Shore ;

I turn to Land, and fly the restless Seas,  
Look on the Fields, gaze on the verdant Trees,  
The loveliest Objects which invite to Ease.

Safe is the Land, where Boughs a Shelter form,  
To save me from the Terrors of the Storm.

To make a Shade the am'rous Branches twine ;  
There are the whist'ling Gales, and singing Pine.

A wretched Life sure must the Drudgers be,  
Whose Ship's his House, whose Labour's in the Sea.

Give me a Sleep beneath a spreading Shade,  
Just at a neighb'ring murm'ring Fountain's Head;  
Which glads the Swain, and never makes afraid.



I D Y L L I U M VI.

PAN for a neigb'ring *ECHO* was on Fire,  
She for a *Satyr*, *Lyda's* his Desire.  
Just as the *God* receiv'd the fiery Dart,  
She for the *Satyr* hugg'd the pleasing Smart ; }  
While *Lyda* reigns triumphant in his Heart.  
Each one the Rivals equally despise,  
While they're as hateful to the Lovers' Eyes.  
Thus cruel Love, a sportive Tyrant reigns,  
Plays with our Wounds, and glories in our Pains.  
You who ne'er felt the Force of killing Eyes,  
Learn by Example to be timely wise ;  
Nor rashly throw away your Hearts in vain,  
Love where you're likely to be lov'd again.

## IDYLLIUM VII.

**H**AIL Golden Lamp of the fair Queen of  
Love,  
*Vesper* the brightest of the Stars above ;  
As *Phœbe's* Lustre does your Rays outshine,  
Other Nocturnal Lights must yield to thine.  
The Moon's gone down ; conduct me o'er the Plain  
Safe to the Cottage of a Shepherd Swain.  
No bad Intentions this my Journey move,  
To Rob or Steal ; but I'm a Slave to Love.  
Hail much lov'd Star, and your Assistance lend ;  
Lovers in ev'ry Place should find a Friend.



## IDYLLIUM VIII.

Aeneas, Pisa past, directs his Course  
To Arethuse, with an impetuous Force ;  
Bearing fresh Flow'rs, and many verdant Leaves,  
As precious Gifts to Arethusa's Waves :  
First here, then there, he flows, a thousand Ways,  
Plain And unperceiv'd he glides beneath the Seas.  
Pleas'd with the Fancy, sportive Cupid joys,  
Thus to perplex the ling'ring am'rous Boys ;  
Just so the God delights to make us rove,  
And swim the winding Labyrinth of Love.



## EPIGRAM.

**A** Wanton Love aside his Quiver laid,  
A Budget took, and went to plow;  
And when he'd yok'd the lab'ring Oxens' Head,  
He drove, and then begun to sow:  
Stopping a while, he cast his Eyes around,  
He look'd, at last to Jove he spoke;  
Let me not plow in vain, but heat the Ground,  
Or else *Europa's* Bull I'll yoke.





# NOTES UPON M O S C H U S.

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## IDYLLIUM I.



HE Poet, by feigning *Venus* crying her fugitive Love, takes an Occasion herein to give the Description of Love. This Piece may very properly be called a speaking Picture; and *Propertius*, without doubt, hinted at this Poem, where he says,

*Quicunque ille fuit puerum qui pinxit Amorem,  
Nonne putas miras hunc habuisse manus?*

*Whoe'er he was, the youthful Cupid drew,  
Had be not wand'rrous Hands that painted so?*

OTES I can-

I cannot help taking Notice of a Poem of *Materter* *rino's*, in answer to the fugitive Love of *Moschus*: thou I believe they who see one, will be very well pleased to read the other; I therefore insert it, as thus English'd by an eminent Hand,

*Venus, I hear the other Day  
Thy Son stole from thy Lap away;  
And that a Kiss thou offer'st those,  
Who will the Fugitive disclose.  
Fair Goddess, grieve no more, he lies  
Close lurking in my Mistress' Eyes:  
Give now the Kiss thou promis'd me,  
Or let her do't, I'll pardon thee.*

---

## IDYLLIUM II.

**A**S Ovid derives most of his *Metamorphoses* from ancient Stories, it is, and not unjustly, to be supposed, he took his Rape of *Europa* from this of *Moschus*. Of this Story Sir Samuel Garth, in his Preface to Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, says thus: " His story says, She was Daughter to *Agenor*, and carried by the *Candians* in a Galley, bearing a Bull in the Stern, in order to be married to one of their Kings named *Jupiter*,

Be the Truth thereof as it will, the Moral plainly shews, how we subject and debase our selves for Love; and, on the other Side, how cautious we ought to be in trusting to outward Appearance.

*More than half gone the Night, and Morn drew nigh.  
Dreams which came, Νυκτος οτε τριπατον λαχος επαται,  
after*

Ma- ter the third Part of the Night was over, were always  
bus : thought Divine; to which Notion our *Dryden*, in  
plea- his *Don Sebastian*, has a fine Allusion.  
thus

*It may be so; it looks so like the Dream,  
That overtook me at my waking Hour  
This Morn; and Dreams they say are then Divine,  
When all the balmy Vapours are exhal'd.*

*Asia, and that oppos'd to Asia's Land.*  
*Europe*, which had not then received its Name,  
but afterwards so called from *Europa*.

*On Lybia was the Gift bestow'd, &c.*  
So *Virgil*:

*Hic Regina gravem gemmis auroque poposcit,  
Implevitque mero Pateram; quam Belus, ♂ omnes  
A Belo soliti.*

*A Golden Bowl, that shone with Gems Divine,  
The Queen commanded to be crown'd with Wine;  
The Bowl that Belus us'd, and all the Tyrian Line.* }  
Dryden.

*There Inachus his Io stood in Gold.*  
The Metamorphosis of *Io*, see in *Ovid. Metam.*

B. I.

*He's now a Bull, e'er wile no less than Jove.*  
So *Ovid*.

*Sceptri gravitate relicta,  
Ille Pater Rectorque Deum, cui Dextra trisulcis  
Ignibus armata est, qui nutu concutit Orbem,  
Induitur faciem Tauri, mistusque juvencis  
Mugit, ♂ in teneris formosus obambulat herbis.*

The

*The Ruler of the Skies, the thund'ring God,  
Who shakes the World's Foundations with a Nod,  
Among a Herd of lowing Heifers ran,  
Frisk'd in a Bull, and bellow'd o'er the Plain.*

Addison.

*His Horns were equal, like the Silver Moon*  
Ovid, in his Description of the Bull, deviates ver-  
ty much from our Author; but no less a Poet and  
Philosopher, than Horace, has imitated, nay almost  
translated, this very Passage.

*Fronte curvatos imitatus ignes,  
Tertium Lunæ referentis ortum,  
Qua notam duxit niveus videri,  
Cætera fulvus.*

*Unus'd to push, he now doth wisely run,  
And as the third Day's rising Moon,  
So bend his tender Horns;  
All over red, but where alone,  
A Milky Spot iis Front adorns.*

Crecchi.

### *Earthshaking Neptune.*

By the Ancients he is often call'd *Eryotisatos*, that  
is Earthshaker; supposing he shakes it with his Tri-  
dent; for the Ancients thought the Sea, by some this  
subterraneous Passages, shook the adjacent Shores; judic-  
for which Reason they thought him the God that  
caus'd Inundations and Earthquakes.

### *Loosen'd her Zone.*

The Virgin Girdle so call'd, which the Bridegroom by  
always loosen'd before they went to Bed; from were  
whence

whence to unloose the Zone, came to signify to devirginate; as, speaking of *Leander* and *Hero*.

O δ' αὐλίκα λυσατο μιτρών.

Musæus.

*Her Zone be soon unloos'd.*

*Th' Attendant Horæ th' happy Bed provide,*

*Horæ, Attendants upon Venus; three Sisters,*  
and Daughters of Jupiter and Themis.

*A Mother she*

*Fulfil'd with mighty Monarchs Jove's Decree.*

*Minos, and Rhadamanthus; to whom some add a third, Sarpedon.*

### IDYLLIUM III.

I Believe none of our Moderns would frown, should I call this the most beautiful that was ever wrote of its Kind; but if any is equal to it, of all I ever saw, it is Mr. Congreve's *Pastora*; in which Poem he has some very fine Imitations of our Author.

There is throughout this Elegy a peculiar Beauty, much to be admir'd; i. e. the pure Resemblance some this Poem has to *Bion's Way of Writing*; and so judiciously adapted to the present Occasion.

*Te Dorick Streams deplore.*

So call'd from *Doris*, a Country in *Greece*, where they spoke the Dorick Dialect; a Dialect much us'd by the Shepherds; for which Reasons Pastorals from were commonly wrote in it.

Now

Now Hyacinth in your own Plaints bemoan.

*Hyacinthus* was a beautiful Boy belov'd by *Apollo*, with whom he often play'd at Quoits; once *Apollo* threw a Quoit, and unfortunately pierc'd the Boy Forehead therewith; for which, in Compassion, he turn'd him to a Flower of his own Name; in which is inscrib'd, *ai, ai.* See *Ovid's Met. B. 10.*

*Ai, ai,  
Flos habet inscriptum, funestaque Litera ducta est.*

And to this Hour the mournful Purple wears,  
*Ai, ai, inscrib'd in funeral Characters.* Ozell

Sicilian Muse deplore.

*Ruæus*, in his Commentaries upon *Virgil*, says: *Hunc Fontem invocat Siculum, ut ante Sicelides Mulas, ob Theocritum Siculum Poetam, Bucolicorum Principem.* He invokes this *Sicilian Fountain*, before the *Sicilian Mules*, because of *Theocritus* Poet of *Sicily*, Chief of the *Bucolick Writers*.

Tell the sad News to Arethusa's Floods.

*Arethusa* is a River of *Sicily*; and, as Stories go, she was a Nymph belov'd by the River *Alpheus*, whom *Diana* turn'd into a Fountain as she was flying from him; she also fled from him, under the Sea who flew into *Ortygia*; *Alpheus* with the same Violence pursued her, and at last mixt with her Waves.

As you in Strymon sail.

A River parting *Macedon* from *Thrace*. The Reason of his mentioning this River is, because of *Omphæus*, who was born in *Thrace*.

*To the Oëägrian Nymphs.*

Nymphs inhabiting the River *Hebrus*; into this River *Orpheus's Head* was cast; for which Reason it was call'd *Oëägrius*, after the Name of the Father of *Orpheus*.

*Bistonis. A Lake in Thrace.*

*The bleating Ewes their Udders fill no more.*

So *Virgil.*

*Non ulli pastos illis egere diebus  
Frigida, Daphni, boves ad flumina; nulla neq; amnem  
Libavit quadrupes, nec graminis attigit herbam.*

Then, *Daphnis*, then no mournful Herdsman wou'd Drive his parch'd Oxen to the cooling Flood; The Herds themselves, those melancholy Days, Refus'd to taste the Springs, refus'd to graze.

Not half so much poor *Philomela* griev'd, &c.

The Story of *Philomela* and *Tereus*; of *Alcyone* and *Ceyx*; see in *Ovid's Metamorphoses*.

*The Birds which from the Pile, &c.*

The Birds call'd *Memnonides*, from *Memnon*, from whose Pile they sprung.

*Præpetibus subitis nomen facit auctor ab illo  
Memnonides dictæ.* Ovid.

And from the Pile a sudden Flock there came,  
Which from their Author *Memnon* took their Name.

*I to th' Arcadian God thy Pipe will bear.*

Arcadia is an inland Country of Peloponnesus, on all Sides remote from the Sea; every where mountainous; the fitter therefore for Pastorage than Agriculture. There Pan, with singular Adoration, is honour'd as the God of Shepherds.

*Poor Galatea mourns the absent Swain.*

This alludes to a Poem of Bion's, of which we have only the following Lines remaining.

*I'll to the Shore, there to the Deep I'll turn,  
To cruel Galatea make my mourn;  
There on the Sands I'll murmur out my Pray'r,  
And try if I can move th' obdurate Fair.  
With Hope, sweet Hope, I'll mitigate my Pains;  
Nor ever cease to hope while Life remains.*

*Not such as Polypheme's harsh Skreekings were.*

Polypheme, a huge Monster with one Eye, in Love with Galatea. See Ovid's Metam. B. 13.

*More of the Cyprian Goddess' Love you have,  
Than the last Kiss that sweet Adonis gave.*

An Allusion to what Venus says, in her Lamentation for Adonis.

*And take this Kiss, this parting Kiss from me.*

*Meles, the first in Fame,  
That gave the Bard his Birth, and gave his Name.  
On the Bank of Meles (according to our Poet  
Homer was born; for which Reason he was called  
Melisegene.*

*This largely drank of Arethusa's Stream,  
The other of the Rills of Hippocrene.*

For *Arethusa*, see Notes 3d and 4th. *Hippocrēne* is a Fountain of *Helicon*. The Reason for distinguishing which these Poets drank of, is this. *Hippocrēne* being a Fountain of superior Note to *Arethusa*, *Homer*, who sung in loftier Strains than *Bion*, is said to have drank thereof.

*Th' Ascræan Bard.* *Hesiod*, so called from *Ascra*, a Town in *Bœotia*, near *Helicon*, his Birth-place.

*Ceos no more laments its Poet dead.*

*Ceos*, an Isle in the *OEgean Sea*, where *Simonides* was born.

*The loathsome Croakings of the Toad ne'er cease.*

Here he reflects upon the Partiality of Fate, in snatching so sweet a Bard away, who never could return. Some think he alludes to meaner Poets.

#### I D Y L L I U M IV.

*FOR what he suffers from a worthless Hand.*

Meaning *Eurystheus*. The Story is this. *Juno* had by Subtlety obtained of *Jupiter*, that whereas *Archippe*, Wife to *Sthenelus*, King of *Mycene*, was with Child at the same Time with *Alcmena*, the Child who was born first should have Command over the other; she therefore caused *Archippe* to be deliver'd at seven Months end; so *Eurystheus* had Power to impose what Labours he pleas'd upon *Hercules*, in order to destroy him.

*Now they're at Thebes, where gallant Steeds are bred.*

It is very common among the Ancients to use such Epithets, as may give some Insight into the Produce of the Country they mention, as afterwards the *piny Isthmus*. The latter Part of the second Book of *Homer's Ilias* abounds with them.

*Pyrrha excepted, she's the only one,  
Loaded with Grief for Iphiclus your Son.*

*Pyrrha* was the Wife of *Iphiclus*, who was the Son of *Amphytrion* and *Alcmena*, born at the same Birth with *Hercules*, who was the Son of *Jove*.

*After a long ten Months' Labour bore, &c.*

By the dreadful Pangs of Childbirth, she seems to be able to presage the future Man.

*So Virgil.*

*Matri longa decem tulerint fastidia menses.*

*The nauseous Qualms of ten long Months she bore.*

But what seems to be the greater Wonder here, is the going a Month longer than usual; for which Reason *Theocritus* calls *Hercules*, Δεκαπολύς, which signifies ten Moons.

The Dream of *Alcmena* at the latter End of this Poem, seems to be a Prognostication of the Death of *Hercules*. The ancient Greeks plac'd a great Confidence in Dreams, as this, in a great Manner, is an Instance.

## IDYLLIUM VII.

## VESPER.

The Planet of *Venus*; in the Evening call'd *Hesperus*, and *Vesper*; in the Morning, *Phosphorus*, *Lucifer*, and *Venus*.

## IDILLYUM VIII.

SEE for *Alpheus* and *Arethuse*, Note the 4th of Idyllium III. *Pisa* is a City of *Elis*, in *Peloponnesus*, by the Walls of which City the River *Alpheus* runs.

## EPIGRAM.

AFTER the reading the second Idyllium, the Turn of this Epigram will be very plain.

THE END.

I

---

THE  
IDYLLIUMS  
OF  
*B I O N.*

---

Κεῖγθο δ' ό, πολέμις ό δακρυα Πᾶνα δέμελπε,  
Καὶ βῶπας ἐλίγαινε, καὶ αἰδὼν σύόμενε,  
Καὶ σύεργμας ἔτευχε, καὶ αἴδεα πόρπιν ἀμελγε,  
Καὶ παιδῶν ἐδίδασκε φιλάμφατα, καὶ τὸν Ἐρωτα  
Ἐτρεφεν ἐν κύλποισι, καὶ ἡρεσε τὴν Ἀφεδίτιν **ΜΟΣΧ.**

---

H H T  
MILLING  
W O R K S

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and Marketing  
of  
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14 Main Street  
Montgomery  
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But  
Pro  
He's



# B I O N.

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## IDYLLIUM I.

### *Upon the Death of Adonis.*

Mourn *Adonis*, fair *Adonis* gone;  
The fair *Adonis* dead the Cupids  
moan.

Sleeping no more in purple Robes  
be seen,

But rise, and beat your Breasts fair *Cyprian Queen* ;  
Proclaim abroad the fair *Adonis* dead,  
He's dead, and all that's lovely with him fled.

*I mourn*

*I mourn Adonis, fair Adonis gone;*

*The fair Adonis dead the Cupids moan.*

Upon the Mountain lies the beauteous Youth,  
Slain by an Iv'ry, but a Savage Tooth.  
White was his Thigh, white as the falling Snow,  
Nor whiter was the Tusk that gave the Blow.  
Panting he lies, and near him Beauty's Queen,  
Stands weeping by ; a lovely mournful Scene !  
Round his white Skin behold the Crimson flow ;  
His once bright Eyes languish beneath the Brow ;  
His Cheeks no more the bloomy Colour show :  
The Ruby from his charming Lips is fled,  
Them still she loves, altho' *Adonis*' dead ;  
But yet, alas, *Adonis* not perceives  
The melting Kisses which fair *Venus* gives.

*I mourn Adonis, fair Adonis gone;*

*The fair Adonis dead the Cupids moan.*

Deep went the Tusk that caus'd the killing Smart,  
But deeper far it went in *Venus'* Heart.

The yelling Hounds, around their Master, tell  
What Grief for their departed Lord they feel.  
The Nymphs bemoan ; and with deshevel'd Hair,  
Her Tresses loose thrown to the ruffling Air,  
Doleful, barefooted, the fair Queen of Love  
With sad Complaints fills ev'ry Wood and Grove ;  
Grief bears her thence thro' uncouth Ways, and  
Plains,

And still *Adonis* dead augments her Pains ;  
As thus she thro' Excess of Woe is led,  
Her sacred Blood the cruel Brambles shed.  
Mean while extended on the Turf he lies,  
And purple Streams flow round his Iv'ry Thighs ;  
Whose Skin once whiter than the falling Snow,  
Stain'd with the Crimson Blood, no longer's so.

Ah! *Venus*, Ah! the Cupids all bemoan,  
With thee, the fair *Adonis* dead and gone.  
Now the fair Youth, the beauteous Boy, is dead,  
Each charming Grace is from fair *Venus* fled ;

Whilst

Whilst him the Fates preserv'd, and Life remain'd,  
Ten thousand Charms fair *Venus'* Face contain'd ;  
But since the lovely Youth is dead and gone,  
Her daz'ling Beauties from her Face are flow'n.  
The Hills, the Groves, and sacred Oaks, complain,  
For sweet *Adonis* on the Mountain slain ;  
The purling Streams in murm'ring Plaints bemoan,  
With *Venus*, dear *Adonis* dead and gone.  
Each Herb for Grief puts on a deeper Green ;  
The Goddess most of all forlorn is seen.  
Each Grove, and Mountain, with her Grief  
abounds,  
*Adonis* dead ! she cries thro' ev'ry Town ;  
*Adonis* dead ! sad *Echo* then resounds.  
Who can behold the beauteous Goddess moan,  
And not relenting lend a gentle Groan ?  
Soon as the Fair perceiv'd the grievous Wound,  
That in her fair *Adonis'* Thigh was found ;  
Soon as the Queen the Crimson Stream survey'd,  
With Hands expanded, she lamenting said.

Stay

Stay, my *Adonis*, stay, my charming Boy,  
That I may take my last Farewel, my Joy !  
Let us embrace before your Soul does fly,  
And take this Kiss, this parting Kiss from me ;  
'Till Life is fled I'll join my Lips to thine,  
And suck thy fleeting Soul, sweet Youth, to mine.  
I your last Gasp will catch, and since you fly,  
No one shall take this parting Kiss from me.  
You to the silent Shades, where Spectres dwell,  
*Adonis* go, to the grim King of *Hell*.  
Ah ! wretched I my beauteous Loss survive,  
And must a Goddess thus for ever live ?  
Eternity affords no End to Woe,  
Nor can I to my dear *Adonis* go.  
Why was I born a Goddess, thus to live  
A Life immortal, and for ever grieve ?  
Take, *Proserpine*, my Love, take the dear Boy,  
Take him, relentless Goddess, him enjoy ;

Your Pow'r is great, nothing on Earth can be,  
Sooner, or later, but devolves to thee.

Unhappy I, Goddess 'tis you I fear,  
'Tis you I envy for my lovely Dear.

Thou'rt dead, alas, thou'rt dead, my charming Boy,  
Love, as a Dream, to me's a fleeting Joy;

Our Pleasure's pass'd, ne'er to return again;  
Alone thou'st left thy *Venus* to complain.

The *Cupids* all have thrown their Arrows by,  
Their Shafts, and Quivers, now neglected ly.  
With thee the *Cestus* dy'd; I've Charms no more.  
Why would you hunt rash Youth the foaming Boar?

So *Venus* griev'd; the Loves with her deplore  
The charming sweet *Adonis*, now no more.

*Venus*, alas, dead is the lovely Boy;  
Nought now remains but Thought of former Joy.  
As many Tears the beauteous Goddess shed,  
As Drops of Blood the fair *Adonis* bled;

From both the Tears, and Blood, new Flow'rs arise,  
Roses from this, from those Anemonies.

*I mourn Adonis, fair Adonis gone ;  
The fair Adonis dead the Cupids moan.*

oy, Cease your Complaints, and dry your Tears, fair  
Queen ;

In Woods, and Groves, weeping no more be seen.

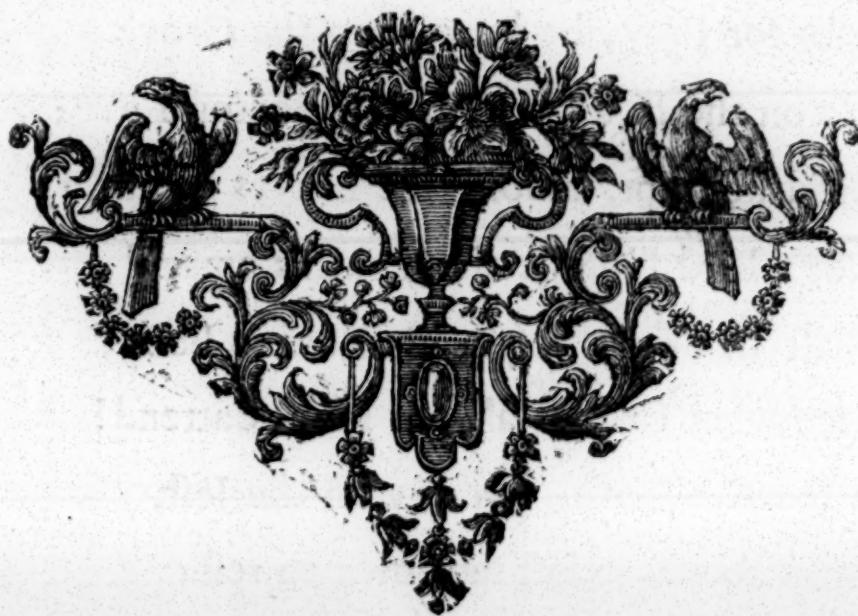
No longer mourn for lov'd *Adonis* slain ;  
Tho' dead, some Beauties in his Face remain ;  
Take him and lay him on the Bed of State,  
Conscious of all those Joys you had of late ;  
Garlands and Flow'rs upon his Body strow ;  
Their Grief with drooping Heads the Lillies show.  
With precious Ointments bathe his Body o'er,  
Upon his comely Limbs sweet Odours pour ;  
Odours, and Ointments, now are worthless grow'n,  
Since sweet *Adonis*, her Delight is gone.

Upon the Bed of State *Adonis* lies,  
And mournful *Cupids* him surround with Cries ;

Their

Their Grief by different Ways the *Cupids* show ;  
One clips his Hair, another breaks his Bow ;  
This pulls the bloody Sandals from his Feet ;  
Others fresh Water from the Fountain get ;  
Some bathe his Wound with Water from the Springs  
That fans his Body with refreshing Wings.  
Thus the kind Loves the sacred Loss bemoan,  
The charming sweet *Adonis* dead and gone.  
And *Hymen* too does the fair Loss deplore ;  
His nuptial Songs are ceas'd, and heard no more ;  
To this converted ; Ah ! *Adonis* dead !  
He's dead, and all that's charming with him fled.  
His nuptial Lights to Fun'ral Tapers turn ;  
And all his wither'd Marriage-Garlands burn.  
The *Graces* too *Cinyrades* deplore,  
Crying among themselves he's now no more ;  
Sadly they weep, as if they fain would know,  
Whether fair *Dion* can weep more, or no.  
The fatal Three with *Cytherea* grieve,  
And try with Songs *Adonis* to retrieve ;

But all in vain, Songs no Effect can have,  
To bring the fair *Adonis* from the Grave.  
Cease, *Cytherea*, cease, from Tears refrain ;  
When next Year comes, *Venus* must weep again.



## IDYLLIUM II.

**A** Youthful Swain, just taught to draw the Bow,

To gain Experience must a Fowling go;  
Thirsty for Prey, he hurry'd to the Grove,  
There on the Boughs he saw a wanton Love;  
Rejoic'd he stopt, among the Leaves he gaz'd,  
To see a Bird so large the Youth's amaz'd;  
A Shaft he drew, begun his Bow to bend;  
But see what Crosses all our Hopes attend!

The sportive Love, to carry on the Jest,  
Nestled about, at last sat down to rest;  
He draws, the *Cupid* let him take his Aim;  
He then in Thought, almost posses'd the Game;  
To rile the Youth, himself divert with Play,  
The Wanton starts, and skips from Spray to Spray,  
And baulks the Youngster of his hop'd-for Prey.

The

Youth enrag'd, away his Arrows threw,  
And straitway to the Swain, his Teacher, flew ;  
Told him all, then brought him to the Grove,  
W'd him the Boughs, and pointed to the Love.  
As the aged Swain the Cupid spy'd,  
Smiling shak'd his Head, at last he said :

Leave your Pursuit, and here no longer stay ;  
None, for 'tis an evil Beast you see ; }  
Happy you, depriv'd of such a Prey.  
Would you approach him near, altho' he fled,  
Quickly you assault, and nestle on your Head,



## IDYLLIUM III.

*The Dream.*

**I**N downy Sleep I lay, when to my Sight,  
Appear'd the pow'rful Goddess of Delight  
In her fair Hand an Infant Love she led,  
And as he walk'd to Earth, he bow'd his Head  
The Goddess spoke, and thus she said : Dear Son  
Go teach this Boy to sing a rural Strain.

She spoke, and fled ; I, like a Fool, sung  
The rustick Lays I us'd to sing before.  
Deceitful he to Learning seem'd inclin'd,  
I taught him how *Pan* first the Syrinx join'd;  
*Minerva's* Flute too did my Breast inspire ;  
*Mercury's* Shell ; and sweet *Apollo's* Lyre.  
But wanton he begun to sing of Love,  
Th' Amours of Mortals, and the Gods above.

is Mother's Acts so movingly he sung,

ev'ry Word a dear Infection hung.

My past'ral Lays quick from my Breast were flown,

apid's I learn'd, but soon forgot my own.



## IDYLLIUM IV.

THE sacred Nine not cruel *Cupid* fear;  
His Steps they follow, and the God rever  
You who are Strangers to the Lover's Pain,  
Can claim no Place in the Poetic Train ;  
Your bold Attempts at Verse are all in vain.  
But you who dread, yet hug, the killing Dart,  
And feel the Anguish of the pleasing Smart ;  
Whose softer Breasts burn with a generous Fire,  
All bleſt in Song, ſuccelſful ſtrike the Lyre.  
Certain Applauſe the Lover's Lays attends ;  
Love, and the Mufes, they were always Friends  
Fain, in heroic Numbers, would I tell,  
One nobly conquer'd, and he greatly fell ;  
This I'd have rais'd to an immortal Fame ;  
But no kind Muse to my Aſſistance came.  
Then I began with *Lycidas*, and Love ;  
The Mufes ſmil'd, and all my Verse approve.

---

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I D Y L L I U M V.

IF Glory, whilst I live, attends my Lays,  
Before the fatal Hour I merit Praife.

If 'tis my Fate to sing, but sing in vain,  
And no Applause rewards the Poet's Strain;  
Why should I strive by Song to please again?

If 'tis the Will of *Jove*, and such our Fate,  
To change the present for a future State;  
If Heav'n is just to all our Pains below,  
An Age of Joy succeeds this World of Woe.

But if the Pow'rs assign one Life to Man,  
To all, and that contracted to a Span;  
Why all this Trouble, why our needless Cares,  
In this short Journey of uncertain Years?

In Search of Wealth, Labour, and Arts, we try;  
There's no eluding Fate, we yet must die.  
Certain we all forget we're Mortals born; [gone.  
The Thread's but drawn, wound up, and cut, we're

## IDYLLIUM VI.

*Cleodamus and Myrson.*

*CLEODAMUS.*

**M**Yrson, come tell, which, if you cou'd, you'd  
bring,

*Summer, or Winter; Autumn, or the Spring?*

Wou'd you ha't *Summer*? Then are all Things gay,

Or *Winter*, *Myr*, when we leave Work by Day?

And well you know, Swains, in the Summer-Heat,  
Have wish'd for Time, that they a Nap might get.

Or *Autumn*, Boy? Then for the mellow Pear!

*Spring* wou'd you chuse, when all the Fields are fair?

Come tell me, *Myrson*, which best pleases you?

For we have Time to chat a little now.

*MYRSON.*

We mortal Men ought not to judge of these;  
They ev'ry one are good, and ought to please.

But

But, *Cleodamus*, since you urge me so,  
I'll tell; because I've a Respect for you.  
Because 'tis hot, I don't with *Summer* hold;  
Nor with the *Winter*, then it is too cold;  
Nor yet with *Autumn*, that does Surfeits bring:  
There's nothing, *Cleodamus*, like the *Spring*;  
The Weather then is pleasing to the Swains,  
When ev'ry Thing is springing on the Plains;  
When nothing is unpleasant in our Way;  
But pure refreshing Cool, both Night and Day.



## IDYLLIUM VII.

*Friendship.*

**T**hrice happy those, who, with a mutual Flame,  
Observe the Rev'rence due to Friendship's  
Name ;

Thrice happy *Theseus*, could undaunted go,  
With his *Perithous*, to the Realms below ;  
Together both before the Monarch stand,  
Nor dread the Terrors of the direful Land ;  
*Orestes*, blest in ev'ry toilsome State,  
Shar'd with his *Pylades* one common Fate ;  
*Achilles*, in the midst of Battel blest,  
Whilst he enjoy'd the Partner of his Breast,  
Found his *Patroclus*, happy in his End ;  
For when he fell himself, he sav'd his Friend.

---

## F R A G M E N T S.

### *Upon Hyacinthus.*

**B**efore the lovely *Hyacinthus* dy'd,  
No Art the mournful *Bion* left untry'd ;  
Grief stopp'd his Voice, and in Excess of Pain,  
From Drugs he sought Relief, but all in vain ;  
Then he, when no Relief from Drugs was found,  
With Nectar, and Ambrosia, bath'd the Wound.  
Nor Drugs, nor Ointments, could prolong his  
Breath,  
Nor Art avail. Such is the Pow'r of Death.

---

**I**'LL to the Shore, there to the Deep I'll turn,  
To cruel *Galatea* make my Mourn ;  
There on the Sands I'll murmur out my Pray'r,  
And try if I can move th' obdurate Fair.

With

With Hope, sweet Hope, I'll mitigate my Pains,  
 Nor ever cease to hope while Life remains.

---

**F**OR ev'ry Crack that in your Pipe is made,  
 Ne'er fly directly to the Artist's Aid ;  
 'Tis as unseemly, 'Faith it is, dear Swain,  
 To borrow of a Neighbour of the Plain ;  
 There's nothing like a Syrinx of your own,  
 Make it your self, for it is eas'ly done.

---

**W**HEN Love invokes the Nine, the Muse's  
 Friend,  
 On Love they're always ready to attend ;  
 When with the Love of Verse my Soul's on Fire,  
 They give a Song, and answer my Desire ;  
 When I their Gift, th' harmonious Song, rehearse,  
 No Balm is equal to the Sweets of Verse.

---

**L**EТ not the Bard invoke the Muse in vain ;  
*Phæbus* rewards the Poet's grateful Strain.

Much

Much 'tis from whom the Present we receive,  
The Honour always adds to what they give.

---

**B**Y frequent Drops of Rain, as it is said,  
The hardest Stone in Time is hollow made.

---

**W**HEN first the Gods *Beauty* to Woman gave,  
They bad the Man that would excel, be  
*Brave.*



NOTES



# NOTES UPON B I O N.

## IDYLLIUM I.



Danis, a Favourite of Venus, as he was hunting, was kill'd by a Boar ; whose Death, and Venus's Grief for him, is the Subject of this Poem.

The *Adonidia* were the Feasts of *Adonis*, where Women only were present : They were kept two Days ; the first in Celebration of their Loves ; on the second Day they solemnized his Funeral, and a Hymn was sung to his Memory. See *Theocritus*, Idyllium 15, where he describes the Manner of their Procession.

Aωδεν δ' αρπαστην απα δροσω, &c.

To

*To Morrow, e'er the Dew forsakes the Grass,  
We'll bear him where the Waves foam round the  
Shore,*

*Our Hair all loose, our Coats let down before ;  
Our Breasts all bare ; and as we march along,  
With mournful Voice begin the Fun'ral Song.*

Creech.

*Ah ! Venus ! ah !*

*Ai, ai, was the Cry of the Women at the Adonidia. So Aristophanes.*

*η γυν δ' ορχεύμενη*

*Ai, ai φνοι —————*

*The Woman, dancing, cries,  
Ah ! ah ! Adonis —————*

*Take Proserpine, my Love.*

*Proserpine, Queen of Hell, the Wife of Pluto, is often put for Death.*

*Non omnes fallis, scit Proserpina canum,  
Personam capiti detrahet illa tuo.* Martial.

*Tho' others you deceive, grim Death will know,  
When you she summons to the Shades below.*

*With thee the Cestus dy'd.*

*The Cestus is the Girdle of Venus, which can procure Love.*

*Cinyrades.*

*Adonis, so called from Cinyras, his Father.*

*Dion.*

*Venus, so called from her Mother.*

*When*

*When next Year comes, Venus must weep again.*

Ovid, doubtless, had an Eye upon this Passage of our Poet, where he makes *Venus* promise annual Rites to his Memory.

*Lucus Monumenta manebunt  
Semper, Adoni, mei, repetitaque mortis imago.  
Annua plangoris peraget simulamina nostri.*

*For thee, lost Youth, my Tears, and restless Pain,  
Shall in immortal Monuments remain ;  
With solemn Pomp in annual Rites return'd,  
Be thou for ever, my Adonis, mourn'd.* Eusden

### I D Y L L I U M II.

**T**HIS Idyllium has a near Resemblance to *Aesop* Way of Writing, and will bear a very moral Reflection. The first Part is not unlike the *Europa* of *Moschus*; but the Catastrophe of the Fable is more to be regarded, for its Success. We may learn from hence what Dangers we often shun, by advising with our Superiors, before we attempt anything rashly.

### I D Y L L I U M III.

*I taught him how Pan first the Syrinx join'd.*  
**P***AN*, enamour'd with the Nymph *Syrinx*, pursued her till she came to the River *Ladon*, where the Water-Nymphs relieved her from th

God, by changing her into Reeds, of which *Pan* made his *Syrinx* so called after her Name.

*Atque ita disparibus calamis compagine ceræ  
Inter se junctis, nomen tenuisse puellæ.* Ovid.

*He form'd the Reeds, proportion'd as they are,  
Unequal in their Length, and wax'd with Care,  
They still retain the Name of his ungrateful Fair.* Dryden.

Minerva's Flute too did my Breast inspire.

Minerva is said to have found out the Flute; but seeing in the Water how it swelled her Cheeks, she threw it aside, and never played any more.

Mercury's Shell.

Mercury is reported the Day he was born, to have found a Shell upon the Shore, with which he made a musical Instrument.

*Te canam —  
— curvæque Lyræ parentem.* Hor.

Thee first, that taught th' harmonious String  
Of th' Harp to speak, my Muse shall sing.

Apollo's Lyre.

The Harp or Lyre found out by *Apollo*, is thought to be of another Kind, in Respect to that of Mercury.

## IDYLLIUM IV.

*Fain in heroic Numbers would I tell, &c.*

**S<sup>O</sup>** *Anacreon.*

Kαγω μὴν ησον αὐτός  
Hegæsus, &c.

*Strait I began with thund'ring Jove ;  
And all th immortal Pow'rs but Love.*

*Love smil'd, and from m' enfeebled Lyre,  
Came gentle Airs, such as inspire  
Melting Love, soft Desire.*

*Farewel then Heroes, farewell Kings,  
In mighty Numbers, mighty Things ;  
Love tunes my Heart just to my Strings.*

Cowley.

## IDYLLIUM V.

*The Thread's but drawn, wound up, and cut, we're gone.*

**C**lotho, Atropos, and Lachesis, the three Fates,  
are said to have Man's Life in their Power ;  
one draws the Thread, one winds it up, the other  
cuts it asunder.

IDYL.

## IDYLLIUM VI.

I Have translated this as rustically as I dare, because I think there is more of the Clown in it, than in any of the rest.

## IDYLLIUM VII.

*Thrice happy Theseus, could undaunted go,  
With his Perithous, to the Realms below.*

T *Theseus, and Perithous, made a Resolution each to enjoy a Daughter of Jupiter. After Theseus had enjoyed Helen, Perithous proposed to take Proserpine from Pluto; Theseus readily consented to assist him, and accordingly they made a Descent into Hell together.*

*Orestes, blest in ev'ry toilsome State,  
Shar'd with his Pylades one common Fate.*

The most remarkable Instance of the Sincerity of *Pylades*, is this. *Orestes* was to be put to Death, *Pylades* pleaded he was *Orestes* with so much Passion, whilst *Orestes* no less endeavour'd to seem to be what he really was, that King *Thoas*, before whom they were, left the Matter undecided, for fear of doing Injustice.

*For when he fell himself, he sav'd his Friend.*

In the Time of the *Trojan War*, the *Greeks* were drove to such Extremities, that *Patroclus* was forced to

to arm himself with the Armour of *Achilles*, (*Achilles* being unwilling to go himself,) thinking by that Stratagem to encourage the *Grecians*, and terrify the *Trojans*; in both which he succeeded; but was at last slain by *Hector*.

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## FRAGMENTS.

*Then he ——*

*With Nectar, and Ambrosia, bath'd the Wound.*

**W**ether our Poet design'd this for an Hyperbole, I cannot tell; but that there is such an Herb as Ambrosia, the Juice of which was used medicinally, we may see from *Virgil's* making *Venus* apply it to *Æneas's* Wound.

*Spargitque salubris  
Ambrosiæ succos.*

*Ambrosia's wholesome Juice she then diffus'd.*

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THE END.



*Errata.* Pag. 33. Lin. 11. for *Ægarian*, read *Æagrian*. Pag. 62. Lin. 15. for *wisely*, read *wildly* Pag. 95. Lin. 16. after *sicut*, read *te*.

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